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HOLINESS TO THE LORD

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



DESIGNED FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG

† † † † † †

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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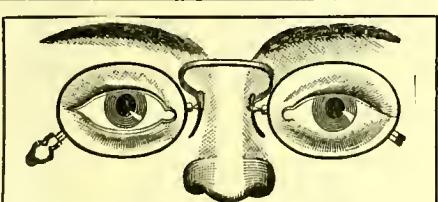
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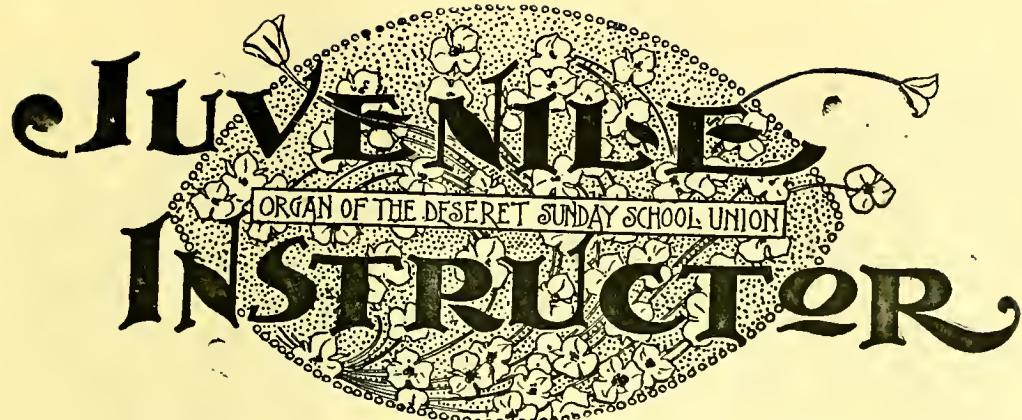
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# YUVENTINE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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VOL. XXXVI.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 15, 1901.

No. 22.

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## LIVES OF OUR LEADERS.

THE TWELVE APOSTLES.—HYRUM M. SMITH.

**H**YRUM MACK SMITH was the first son of his parents—Joseph F. and Edna Lambson Smith—and was born on the 21st day of March, 1872, in Salt Lake City. He was very carefully guarded by his mother, who was loath to let him out of her sight, and who never permitted him or his brothers, that came after, to go beyond the confines of the garden gate alone. Long after he reached the age of hundreds of the boys—and girls too—that we now see playing in the streets until late at night, he was safely tucked into bed.

His mother, a woman of strong character and great faith, often gathered her children, and many of the children of her neighbors, round the hearth stone and spent hours relating to her never-tiring listeners the stories of the Bible, Book of Mormon, and of the history of the restoration of the Gospel and early rise of the Church. The lives of Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, our Savior and His Apostles were vividly contrasted with those of Pharaoh, Saul, Judas, Herod and Nero. The great faith and obedience of Nephi, Jacob, Alma, Mormon and Moroni were clearly portrayed to be vastly better and more acceptable to the Lord than the doubt, wickedness and murderous apostasy of Laman, Lemuel,

Sherem, Korihor and Gadianton. The visions of Joseph Smith, his trials and persecutions; the rise of the Church; the patient toilings of the Saints in building a city and temple to the Lord, only to be driven by a murderous mob of wicked men, beyond the boundaries of civilization, there to build another city and temple; the final cruel murder of the Prophet Joseph and his brother, «the grandfather of you children;» the destruction of and expulsion from their beautiful city of Nauvoo; the long, weary march across the desolate plains, and the halt upon the most desolate, forbidding spot of all, where their prophet leader, striking his cane into the parched soil exclaimed, «It is enough; this is the right place,» were all most vividly described and indelibly imprinted upon the minds of the little ones. All these things Hyrum eagerly drank in and pondered upon. His father, President Joseph F. Smith, would also gather round him his boys and teach them to shun evil, to be honest and truthful, associate with no bad companions, and with picture and narrative show them the results of doing right and wrong. Thus were Hyrum and the other children made the companions of their parents, friends unto whom they could go at all times, and pour out the in-

most secrets of their hearts in full confidence. He grew up, developing to a marked degree the boundless love and impartial affection which he had been accustomed to see his father and mother mete out to their children, and his father to his wives. Until he left the paternal roof of his parents he would be visited by that ever loving father who must still kiss him and tuck the covers snugly around him. Even today, whenever father and son meet, in the home, on the street, in the office, it matters not where, they meet with an affectionate and holy kiss. I have heard his wife banter him and say, «Hyrum is the biggest baby I ever saw; I believe he would die if he could not go home and see his mother every day.» He was taught to love his home, and there he could always be found when no duty called him away.

He attended the public schools, and later the Latter-day Saints College, from which he graduated in June, 1894. On the 15th of November, 1895, he was married to Miss Ida Bowman, of Ogden, and on the evening of the next day he departed on a mission to Great Britain. Upon arriving at Liverpool he was appointed to labor in the Leeds Conference, where he engaged in regular missionary work. In October, 1896, he was called to preside over the Newcastle Conference, which position he held until he was honorably released to return home in February, 1898.

Upon arriving home he was at once set apart as a home missionary. He also acted as assistant teacher and as corresponding

secretary of the twenty-fourth quorum of Seventy.

He was employed at Z. C. M. I., where he remained until October 30, 1901.

When the Salt Lake Stake was divided he became a resident of Granite Stake. Here also he labored as a home missionary and later was called to act as stake secretary of the Sunday Schools, which office he filled to the satisfaction of the stake authorities. He was called by the quorum of Apostles to become one of that body, on October 24, 1901, and was ordained by his father on the same day.

He is a young man who has striven to profit by the excellent teachings he has received from his parents. He gives his parents and the Lord the credit for enabling him to say that up to the present he has never tasted tea, coffee, tobacco nor intoxicating drinks of any kind. That he has never taken the name of God in vain, nor befouled his mouth with profanity. That he has never in his life spoken disrespectfully of his parents, but that he honors and loves them with all his soul. That he has always defended the principles of the Gospel and the servants of the Lord. That he has a testimony for himself that God lives, and that Joseph Smith was the Prophet through whom He restored the Gospel of Jesus Christ in these latter days, and that he hopes, by the help of the Lord, to ever be found working diligently or battling, if need be, in defense of the truth.

M. F. C.



### QUETZALCOATL: A MEXICAN LEGEND.

**M**ANY years ago, long before Columbus came to America, and even before Christ was born, there lived in the beautiful valley of Tulla, north of the

City of Mexico, a race of people calling themselves Toltecs. The country around about was much as it is now. There were tall, slender palms, lifting their tufts of green

foliage far into the air; there were large century plants covering the hill-sides with their massive leaves; and the giant cactuses towered high, casting shadows of various outline over the ground.

Within the village of Tulla, in a small house of rock walls and thatched roof, in no way differing from the neighboring houses, there lived with his mother a boy of extraordinary appearance and character. His skin was white, while the other boys of the village had faces as dark as the brown leaves of autumn. He was always clad in a long white gown, or robe, and over this, he wore a blanket in which red crosses were worked. His mother was careful that his dress appear no less beautiful than his face.

During the day he worked in the fields, and when harvest came he selected the best corn and the seeds from the best squash and of the finest fiber of cotton to plant the next spring. Each year as it followed brought him the most abundant harvest. He gave to the soil of his best and it returned him in kind.

But there were other things in which he differed from his youthful companions. He sought out the minerals in the hills and in the markets and began to melt and mould them into useful implements, dishes and ornaments. He worked in silver and gold, and out of the feathers of the bright-plumed birds that made the tree tops radiant with the glare of their wings, he began to learn to weave robes and blankets.

Certain days of the week the people used to offer sacrifices to their gods. Many took doves, others kids and lambs, and, killing them, placed their hearts upon the altar as an offering; but Quetzalcoatl went to the fields and brought sheaves of grain, baskets of the finest fruit, and bouquets of the choicest flowers, and laid these on the altar; then he turned quietly away and went to the mountains and spent the day in prayer.

While a boy, the people learned to love Quetzalcoatl and to trust him; when a man,

they wanted him for their king. He ruled not alone in the little valley where he was born, but his influence extended many miles in every direction; for the fame of his wise government had spread and many were glad to come and swear him allegiance. He taught his people how to till the soil, how to work with gold and silver and all kinds of metal; to spin and weave and to build houses more magnificent than the old ones. He taught that animal life should not be taken to make offerings to heaven; for the perfume of flowers and the aroma of fruits ascend higher, he said, than the smell of burnt blood.

The reign of Quetzalcoatl was the golden age of the Toltecs. It seemed that some great power was with them so long as he governed, even entering into the soil, making it fabulously productive, putting new life into the trees that they never ceased to tower and enlarge, adding hues to the plumage of the birds and fragrance to the petals of the flowers. Flower, bird, tree and soil vied in the beauties they could bring forth. The large fields of cotton which before had been white with the soft balls of fiber now looked as though the rainbow had come to earth and settled down amidst the dark verdure of the fields. Red, indigo, purple and orange—all the primary colors and all the intermediate were represented in one patch, growing side by side on different stalks or all crowded together in one fluffy ball. The field appeared thickly dotted with little globes of many-colored flame. There were no dye-pots to be heated nor dyes to be prepared. Nature produced all the shades of color and the people wove them into gay costumes.

Think of flowers so large that boys and girls—yes, girls; for nothing will tempt a pure, sweet girl so much as a beautiful flower—that boys and girls might climb the stalks as they climb trees! Flower-cups like huge bells, that children might sit in and lay their faces back in the soft fragrant beds of pollen and down while the wind never ceased to rock them! The tip end of

a stamen made a bouquet and a petal, an admirable couch for a child. It took a strong blow from an ax to sever a stem and when the flower fell a cloud of flower-dust arose.

And the squashes! They were like barrels, and levers and skids were required to roll them into the carts. Two or three were enough to last a family from one harvest to another. A man chopped away half an hour on a stalk of corn and when it fell there was a crash heard throughout the valley. One half day was consumed in shucking a single ear and the other half in getting it home; that is, if he were a very small man, for a man's strength was tested in the cornfield. If he could stagger away under a whole ear he became the admiration of the village and one of the mainstays of the nation.

There were birds without number. Their bright feathers flashed in and out among the trees and flowers and the inhabitants wore robes with the finest part of their plumage wrought into them. They sang and sang from earliest dawn until the stars were out, and many even peopled the darkness with the notes of their melody.

This marvelous plentitude was brought about by the presence and wisdom of Quetzalcoatl. Wherever he went there abundance followed. Even people on distant islands of the sea heard of him and built temples to his honor. He built himself palaces of precious stones, and his servants were rich beyond measure, and his subjects knew no want. For peace was in the land. When war was mentioned the king closed his ears, and animals no longer were killed for sacrifice. The best of the land in fruit and flowers were carried forth to the altars. When it was desired to make a proclamation to the people a crier was sent to the top of a neighboring mountain, and his voice was heard a distance of three hundred miles. Thus the decrees of the master resounded in mild but far-reaching accents to the farthest borders of the land. So strong were they, in the midst of such abundance they

lived, it seemed incredible that anything could bring harm to Quetzalcoatl and his people.

One day an old man appeared in the valley. None knew him nor from whence he came. His form was stooped, his beard long and white, and his robes differed from those of the Toltecs. A staff he carried in his right hand, and in his left a small vial, containing a white liquid. This he seemed to guard more carefully than his staff or any other of his belongings. To whomsoever he spoke he inquired for the home of Quetzalcoatl.

Now the great king was getting old. Nearly three hundred years had passed since he came among the Toltecs and a perpetual plentitude had marked his reign. Age brought with it many longings. When a youth he had heard of a beautiful land somewhere beyond the east sea called Tlapalla, and when he became enfeebled with sickness the desire to see it became many fold intensified.

We generally think of heavenly beings as delighting in the happiness of others, but for many years the gods (and they must have been of a low order) had looked down upon Quetzalcoatl with a jealous eye, fearing their heaven would be less desirable than his earth. So they resolved on his destruction. They must lead him away somewhere, knowing his people would follow or dwindle away after his departure. To accomplish this end they sent one of the most crafty of their number to earth. He attached a spider's web in the center of the blue vault of heaven and began to slide down its smooth surface. Delightful ride! For many hours on he came and at last dropped, at early dawn, in the midst of the valley of Tulla. No one was stirring and he bethought himself of his task and its accomplishment.

He alighted beside a huge century plant. Now he knew of Quetzalcoatl's desire to go to the land of Tlapalla. He knew also that when a man is drunken the desire of his sober moments becomes stronger. Therefore, how to intoxicate the king? Seeing the

century plant he saw the solution of the problem. Away down near the roots of the innermost leaves of these plants there is a cone-shaped cavity about the size of a large bucket. When the plants are seven or eight years old this cavity fills up with a sweet juice, which the natives today call aqua miel and when fermented, pulque. This liquor has the power of producing drunkenness. The Toltecs had never found this out. The clear mountain streams furnished them drink, and they were satisfied. The old man (the god had assumed this disguise) chuckled at their ignorance and hurriedly filled his vial with the sweet liquor and started on his errand.

He knocked at the door of the palace, and when the servants came asked that he might see Quetzalcoatl. «Go away, old man,» they said, «our master is sick and you cannot see him.» But the sorcerer persisted. «Go, tell your master that an aged man, skilled in the healing of the sorrows of life, asks entrance to his bed chamber.»

«I have waited for his coming so long,» replied the king, «bid him enter.»

Standing beside the bed, made of silk-like feathers woven into mattresses and coverlets, the visitor presented the vial to the sick man, saying, «Drink this, I pray you, and it will bring to you the vigor of youth, and make you dream night and day of distant lands, and increase in you the desire to wander forth to see them. When you arrive there you will meet another old man and you will talk together.» Since then how many old men have partaken deeply of the cooling drink and felt again within their veins the life of youth returned, and thought their step as buoyant as the spring colt's; only to meet, at the end of their little hour of rejuvenation, the same old man grown older! But Quetzalcoatl was chary. He looked with suspicion on the unpaid eagerness of the stranger and refused the proffered draught. «Let me bathe your brow and moisten your lips,» urged the newcomer, «for the new life will feel its way into the soul;» and he rubbed

the white forehead and wet the parched lips. The taste was pleasing to the patient and he felt something like the flow of younger days coursing through his body. He knew himself ministered to by one skilled in the art of healing. He took the glass and drank. The last drop was drained and his downfall completed.

Quetzalcoatl wept bitterly. He knew he must leave his pleasant home in Tulla. He felt himself impelled away. His people crowded around and paid him the tribute of their sorrow and their tears; and they gathered together all their gold and silver, all their portable wealth, and took their instruments of music, to accompany their king that they might comfort him. And the birds began to depart from the trees of the valley and in their song was a note of sadness. The flowers began to wither and their fragrance to die away. Barrenness crept slowly over the fertile fields and melancholy into the hearts of the people. Slowly the procession moved up the paths of the neighboring hillside and desolation brooded over the empty dwellings. A sorrow, never to pass from him, welled up in the bosom of Quetzalcoatl when he turned for the last time from the prospect of his native valley.

The Toltecs traveled southward and their going was as the passage of funerals. At the great volcanoes they turned to the east towards the city of Cholula. The Cholulans knew of the wise government of Quetzalcoatl and they welcomed him to their city to be their king. He lived with them twenty years, teaching them all he had taught his own nation. The soil yielded many times its wonted harvest and wealth multiplied abundantly. But the longing to travel on to the land of Tlapalla daily grew. Selecting four youths as his companions, he bade good by to his adopted countrymen. At the Gulf coast he collected many skins of snakes and of them built himself a canoe. One evening at sunset he seated himself in this frail bark and pointing the prow towards the rising of

the sun, bade his companions tell their kinsmen that some day he would return to rule over them; then, dipping his oar in the waves, disappeared in the east amid the gathering darkness.

Today a high mound rises on the plain of Cholula. It is overgrown with trees and vines and looks not unlike a hill made by

nature. Many centuries ago it was built of brick and mortar as a temple to Quetzalcoatl; but the weather has worn and crumbled its surface and vegetation has crept over the face of it. The natives still believe that some day their fair god will take up his abode there and be their king forever.

*Malcolm Little.*



### SOME OF OUR COMPOSERS.

#### EBENEZER BEESLEY.

**T**HE subject of this sketch, whose name is widely known in the community, is one of our composers of Sunday School song music, as also one of our oldest Sunday School workers.

Ebenezer Beesley was born on December 14th, 1840, at Bicester, Oxfordshire, England, he being the eldest son of William S. and Susannah (Edwards) Beesley.

As a child Brother Beesley was naturally endowed with musical talent, which showed itself as early as at the age of two years. At that time the Wesleyan Methodist choir of his native town met for practice at the home of his parents. The child was found to be joining in the singing and was soon able to take his part with the rest; in fact, Brother Beesley does not remember the time when he could not sing. When he was six years old some prominent ladies offered to have him trained as a choir boy at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, but his parents could not consent to part with him, as he was then the only child, his younger brother having recently died. He is now thankful that he remained with his parents, for they soon afterwards joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and thus he became ac-

quainted with the Gospel as revealed by God in these days. He was baptized on the 22nd of September, 1849, and emigrated to Utah in 1859.

He first settled in Tooele City, where he remained for a year and a half, and became identified with the Sunday School work there. He then removed to the Nineteenth Ward, Salt Lake City, where he was called upon by Superintendent William Asper to lead the singing in the Sunday School. There were no Sunday School song books in use at that time, and the music had to be copied by hand. This eventually gave rise to the call on the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to print songs with the music, to which request the publishers promptly responded. The publication of Sunday School songs, mostly by our own composers, has been continued up to the present time, Brother Beesley undertaking the labor of revising and preparing the music for the printer for many years.

Brother Beesley also led the Nineteenth Ward choir for a number of years, and under his leadership many of our present best known singers gained their first experience in public singing.

Soon after arriving in Salt Lake City Elde

Beesley began a systematic study of the violin under Professor C. J. Thomas, and in 1863 joined the Theater orchestra, of which he is still a member. Later he studied the violin and harmony under Professor George Careless, and soon after commenced to compose Sunday School and other hymn tunes for general use. He has taken particular interest in compiling these productions and also those of his fellow composers into book form.

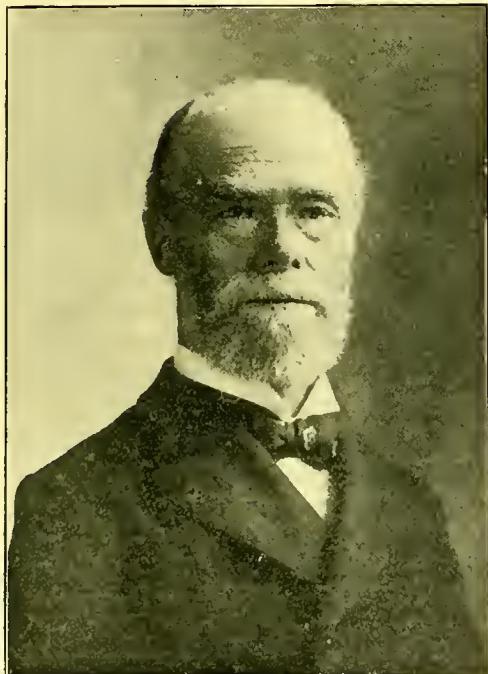
The first of Brother Beesley's books was

the direction of music books, was the production of the Latter-day Saints Psalmody, he being the prime mover in the matter. In this he called to his aid such prominent composers as George Careless, Joseph J. Daynes, Evan Stephens and Thomas C. Griggs. Brother Beesley, however, had general oversight of the work, and in addition to writing many new pieces, arranged the old tunes for congregational singing, and made many selections from other composers. All this, with proof reading, etc., required constant labor for many months, but the Psalmody, on its completion, proved at once to be of great assistance to the choirs of the Church everywhere.

During the absence of Professors Thomas and Careless, for several months he took charge of the Salt Lake Theater orchestra, and enjoyed the support of many of our best instrumentalists. In August, 1880, he was appointed leader of the Tabernacle choir, and held that position for over nine years; and by the assistance of the orchestra was enabled to give several successful concerts in Salt Lake City and the adjacent towns.

After retiring from the Tabernacle choir, Brother Beesley, by invitation of Bishop Thomas Atkin, of Tooele City, moved again to that quiet little town for the purpose of training the choir and teaching music. He remained there four and a half years, then removed to Lehi, Utah County, where he followed the same line of work for two years. During that period he had the satisfaction of seeing the two choirs which he had trained take the first and second prizes at the Eisteddfod given in the Salt Lake Tabernacle in 1898, and he now possesses a gold medal which was presented to him on that occasion.

Brother Beesley was for many years, and is still, captain of the martial band attached to the Second Regiment of the Nauvoo Legion. The Union Glee Club and other musical societies might also be mentioned wherein he has taken an active part and enjoyed the association of congenial friends.



EBENEZER BEESLEY.

a small pamphlet, containing the most frequently used congregational hymns set to the old tunes; next came a larger book of hymns and anthems for the Tabernacle choir. Then he compiled a book of songs and hymns to be used in the Mutual Improvement Associations. He also compiled and supervised the publication of the present Sunday School Union Song Book, being assisted in this labor by Elder T. C. Griggs. His latest effort, in

Now in his more advanced years he is enjoying the satisfaction of having spent the most of his past life in his favorite occupa-

tion, and in nothing does he feel more pride than in the good he has been able to do among the youth of Zion.



### THE RUINS OF TIKAL.

THE trip back to Tikal in the early morning showed that the country had not always been uninhabited. Ruined ranches, the posts of houses still standing, broken *ollas* and *metates*, more than all else, the old orchards of oranges, lemons and plantains showed that the Indians had once had a home there. The land had belonged to the Mayas, the unfortunate people that we had seen six months before crossing the plateau in Jalisco, and of whom I wrote in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of March 15. Their land is literally desolate, and during our entire stay at Tikal I did not see a human being save the Indian guide and negro porter.

The ruins of Tikal were no less disappointing than they had been the evening before. The great mounds rose to a height of a hundred feet and more; their walls were so steep that it was impossible to climb them only with the aid of creepers and trees that grew to the very summit. The debris and crumbling vegetation completely hid the hewn rocks of which the pyramid was constructed. Some of these rocks were eight feet long and four feet square. There was no mountain within sixty miles from which such material could be quarried. So the engineering science of the people who constructed these temples must have been equal to that of the ancient Egyptians. Climbing to the top of the pyramid brought more disappointment, for nothing was found except broken rocks, moss covered, and hiding snakes and venomous insects. There were no stones

bearing inscriptions, no idols, no carvings of any kind.

After visiting half a dozen of these ruins I sent the Indian further into the jungle to see if he could not discover something of more interest. On the second day he told me that he had something wonderful to show me. I followed him about a mile beyond the first ruins. We walked through a dense jungle; the branches of the trees were netted so closely overhead as to almost shut out the sunlight. Every step had to be cut with a machete, and when five feet apart we were completely hidden from one another. Suddenly the guide told me to stop and look up. Through an opening in the branches I saw a mighty pyramid rising to the height of a hundred and ten feet. It was a mass of solid green and on the top there was a square, white tower, that shone like a pearl against the blue tropical sky. Beyond this another similar structure was seen and our first work was to get to one of these wonderful buildings. The pyramid that we first climbed had a base eighty feet square. The tower on top was thirty feet by twenty-five, and twenty-two feet in height. The pyramid, like the others, was built of hewn stone, but the surmounting tower was of kiln-burned brick covered with a white cement or stucco. This cement was fully as hard as Portland cement. It has stood the storms of centuries and is as white today as when it was first applied. There was only a narrow ledge about the tower and this in many places had

crumbled away, so that we had great difficulty in finding the entrance to the mysterious buildings. Finally it was located facing the east, but it was so covered with debris that it took us some time to effect an entrance. The portal was twelve feet wide and eight feet high. The interior was divided into two compartments, separated by a thick wall. In fact the building made a double cross such as is found in the underground chambers of the ruins of Mitla, Mexico. Like the exterior the interior was plastered with a white, hard finish. The roofs of the two main rooms ran up to a sharp apex, but the connecting hall was ceiled overhead with massive chicle logs highly decorated with carvings and hieroglyphics. In some places the wood has powdered from dry-rot, but most of it is in a perfect state of preservation. There were no carvings or inscriptions of any kind upon the walls. Nor did we find anything of value in any of these tower-temples. When we came back to the door of the cave the view that stretched before us was magnificent. Below us was a circular plaza some forty acres in extent, so covered with vegetation that from our height it looked like a well-kept lawn. Surrounding this plaza were seven pyramids, each similar to the one on which we were stationed and each surmounted by a similar white tower. Away to the east the level tropical forest extended for one hundred and fifty miles to the point of Yucatan, and the sky was of the intense tropical blue that is unknown in our temperate zone.

It had been told me by the Indians that the oldest monuments of which they had any record were to be found in this plaza at Tikal. To locate them was the principal object of my search. But it was almost like hunting for a needle in a haystack. We might pass within a very few feet of them and the vegetation entirely veil them from our sight. So we adopted the following plan of work: I would take one of the men with me and attack a pyramid from above, while the other man with his machete would cut

trails across the plaza endeavoring to find the monumental rocks. It would have been of no avail to try to penetrate the pyramid from the outside. But I was very desirous of learning whether or not they were hollowed and if so for what purpose. We dug down through the floor of the tower room and after three days of hard work the bottom fell out of our well, and by means of a rope I was let down into a square chamber about eight feet in height and with fifteen-foot sides. Afterwards we found under this a second and yet a third room but in all we did not get down more than thirty-five feet and I believe that the secret of the pyramid, if it has any, will be found at its base. In each room there were piles of stones that might sometime have served as a stairway from story to story, but of this I cannot be certain.

So we worked day after day but found no trace of the pillars of which the Indians had told me and I began to consider that they were a myth. Our flour and provisions were exhausted and we were living entirely upon the game which we killed and upon green plantains. One afternoon while Emiliano and I were working on one of the towers, the negro called up to us from below that he had found one of the monuments for which we had searched so long. I told him to wait until we got through with the work on which we were then engaged and we would come down to him. In about an hour we descended and called to Delphine but there was no answering voice. We searched until dark but not a trace of the missing man could be found. Then we went back to our champas and after supper, in the darkness and rain, the Indian went back to continue the search for his companion. Our situation was really desperate, for the negro had with him our only gun, and we had no way now of procuring food. Still I determined to spend one more day in an effort to find him. Early the next morning the Indian went out while I remained in camp. About two o'clock he re-

turned. He said he had found no trace of the negro but he had discovered a stone for which he thought I was searching. Instantly sickness and fatigue were forgotten, and I followed my guide on a trot to the plaza. The stone he had found was about a foot square and four feet in height, covered with Quiche characters which could not have been more than fifteen hundred years old. Of course these were not the monuments for which I was looking. But I found that this was only the first of thirteen monuments that were placed in front of one of the pyramids. Eight of these were similar to the one first seen, but five were evidently much more ancient. Indeed they were so ancient that the Quiches have no tradition as to their origin. The five monuments are flat, eight feet high, four and a half feet wide and nine inches thick. The tops are rounded and they resemble old-fashioned grave stones more than anything else. In front of each of these monuments is a circular flat stone like a millstone, and of the same diameter as the width of the monument. The flat monuments are covered with hieroglyphics, each cartouched after the manner of the Egyptians, and the serpent was frequently seen in the different characters. I believe that similar characters have been found in the oldest temples near the coast of Yucatan, but they are certainly older than anything we saw at Mitla or Palanque. It is a strange fact that no idols or graven images of any kind are found at Tikal.

The Indians say that Tikal is the central one of a chain of immense cities that extended from the gulf of Amatique, an arm of the Caribbean Sea, to the bay of Campeache. In the three hundred and sixty miles there are no less than the ruins of eight cities. In traveling southwestward from Tikal toward British Honduras I found the report of the Indians to be correct. At Jaxha I found the ruins of a city that was built of immense squared rocks. It might have been taken for one of the old Pelasgian

ruins of Greece. Here there was no sign of the pyramid, but thirty miles further in the same line, near the border town of Banque-Viejo, there is another pyramid city similar to Tikal but not so large or in so good a state of preservation.

I delayed a little longer at Tikal than originally intended in order to make copies of the inscriptions, but hunger finally forced us to make our way back to Flores and the search for the negro had to be abandoned. We reached Flores after a hard trip late one Sunday afternoon and I went immediately to the *Jefe Politico* to report the loss of Delphine. The official was slightly under the influence of liquor and concluded that the opportunity was good for showing his authority. To my surprise I was arrested on the charge of murdering the poor black man, and had a few hours' experience in a Spanish prison. But a friend conveyed my United States passport and other papers that had been given me by the authorities in Guatemala to the *Jefe*, and on second thought he concluded to release me, but not until I had promised to pay the expenses of an expedition to search for the negro and had also given my word not to leave the city until the expedition should return. After eight days the negro was found, more dead than alive. His clothing had been torn from him by the thorns of the jungle. He had used his only charges of ammunition to frighten the tigers at night, and had had nothing to eat but the fruit from one chicle tree. He was very superstitious and accounted for his running away by the fact that he had heard a noise that he thought was made by a ghost. He ran into the brush directly away from the pyramid where we were working, and when he tried to retrace his steps he found that he was completely lost. Of course his return relieved me of a great deal of anxiety. The *Jefe* apologized for even suspecting me of the crime for which I was arrested and I had many invitations to locate in the heart of the Peten, but I felt that my work was done,

so I hired a horse, and one Saturday morning late in July, set out from Flores on my homeward journey, not back over the mountain

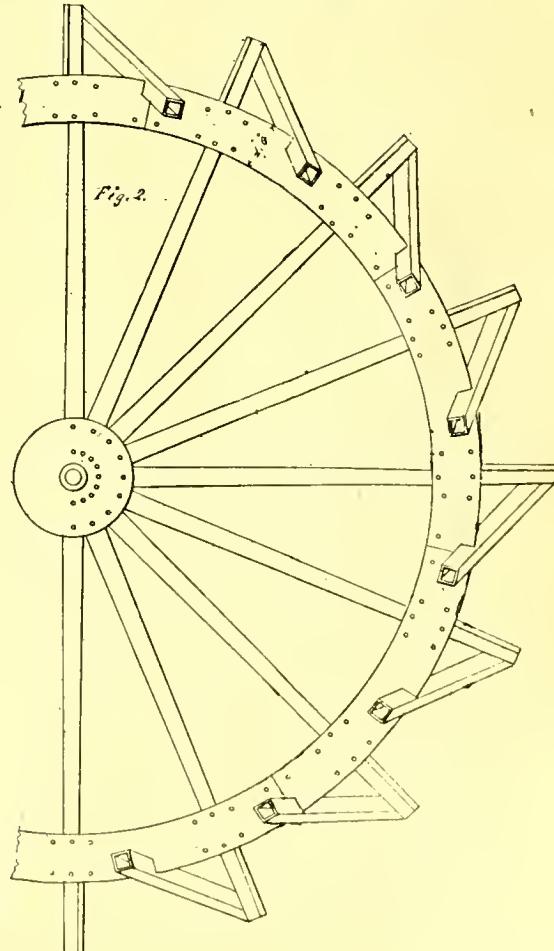
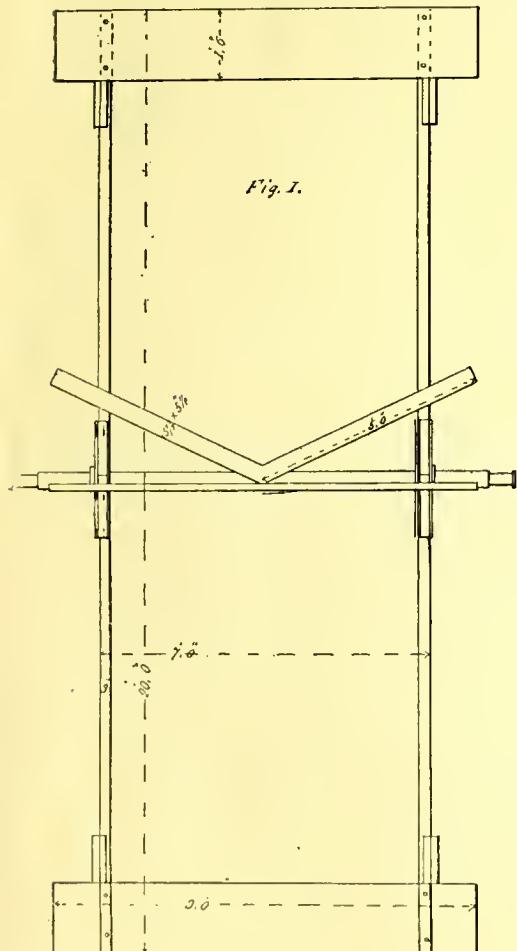
trail toward the city of Guatemala, but southward toward the Rio Viejo and the British seaport of Belize. *W. M. W.*

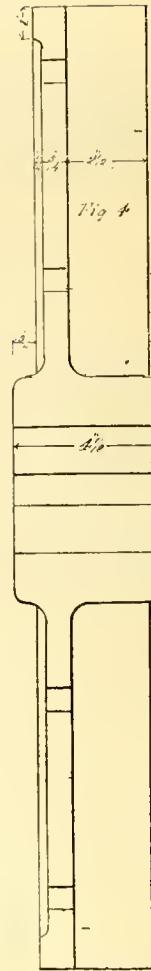
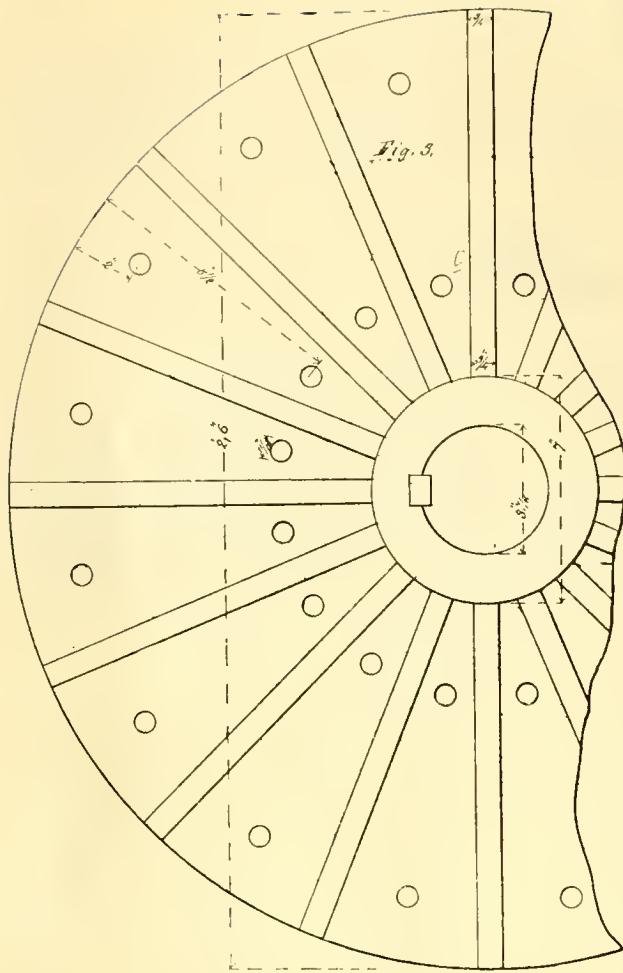


### CURRENT WATER WHEELS FOR IRRIGATION.

THE Persians, Chinese and some other eastern nations have used for ages a simple form of wheel carrying buckets for raising water, and run by the force of the stream without a dam being required.

Two upright posts are set in the bed of the stream, on the top of which are the bearings of the wheel, which is built almost entirely of bamboo, lashed together with strips of the same material. No iron whatever is





used in its construction, as this metal is about as scarce with them as it was with the Greeks and Trojans when Homer wrote the Iliad. They are sometimes made as large as forty feet in diameter, with a capacity of as much as seventy thousand gallons per day; and in places where bamboo is scarce, poles are used for the wheel and earthen pots for the buckets.

Thus at a comparatively small expense, a machine may be constructed, which, without labor or attendance, will furnish a large and constant supply of water for agricultural purposes at a considerable elevation, being delivered into troughs, which then convey it to the ditches used for its distribution to the land. Some of the aqueducts which are now

used in this manner are known to have been in existence before the time of Alexander the Great; with, probably, wheels of similar construction to those now in use.

Some years ago, observing the necessity of irrigation on the banks of the Jordan River, near this city, and the extreme difficulty of maintaining dams in the river, as the banks were of a treacherous character, I proposed to the late Joseph A. Young, who then owned some land on the west bank, to build a wheel of this kind. He accordingly directed me to prepare plans for the same to be supported on two flat boats moored in the river, which could rise or fall with the varying height of water in the river. This I did in the spring of 1870, and the boats and wheel were built

at the Utah Central Railroad shops, under the superintendence of Edward Cox, the iron work being obtained from Chicago, as there were then no machine shops here capable of turning the shaft. I present herewith plans of the wheel and details of construction so as to give any one desirous of doing so an opportunity of building one of a similar character.

Fig. 1 is an edge view, and Fig. 2 a side view of the wheel complete. Figs. 3 and 4 are larger views of the center plate castings, and Fig 5. gives the dimensions of the shaft. The arms of the wheel are five inches wide at the center, and three inches at the ends by three inches thick sideways. The rims are of two thicknesses of one and one-half inch plank, bolted as shown, with one-half inch bolts to each other and to the arms. The arms are bolted to the centers with two five-eights inch bolts each. The floats are of one and one half inch plank bolted to the arms with two one half inch bolts at each end. The boxes are of three-fourths inch boards four by four inches inside and usually are from two-thirds to four-fifths full when they empty into the troughs alongside. A wheel as shown of twenty feet diameter will raise the water a clear height of thirteen to fourteen feet; and when the water is low, and the current light some of the boxes can be taken off, so as to lessen the load and still get what amount can be obtained from the diminished force. The wheel described made from one and one-half to two revolutions per minute in ordinary times. The current of the Jordan River not being rapid at any place, and allowing each box to take up five gallons, will give from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty gallons per minute, and that for every minute in the twenty-four hours, requiring no attention except to oil the bearings about twice a day, although

I have to admit that they were more often greased about once a week.

It will be observed that there are no joints or loose pieces to wear out or get out of order; and if when the irrigation season is over, there is any danger of driftwood damaging the wheel, the floats and boxes can be taken off and the machine left with bare poles. In fact the original wheel was standing till a few years ago and probably could have been used, but it is not now required as the land has been sold off as city lots.

I have often been asked who was the inventor, as such an eminently useful machine was well worth patenting, but as I have not had access to the patent records of Babylon, Nineveh or the celestial empire, I am not prepared to say whether the original inventor did patent it or not. When in Missoula, Montana, in 1889, I saw some wheels of similar construction, with five gallon oil cans for buckets, used for watering gardens that were above the level of the ditch, and also in Denver I saw one in use at Lincoln Park for the same purpose.

In the United States consular report on irrigation in foreign countries, published in 1891, at page 356 is an engraving and description of a wheel of this character built entirely of wood, at Hamath on the Orontes in Syria, about one hundred and twenty miles north of Damascus, where there are several such wheels, supplying water to the forty-thousand inhabitants. Also in the districts adjoining these wheels are commonly used.

I would suppose that there are many locations in this section of country where such an arrangement would be very serviceable, where a stream runs through comparatively flat land of an arable character, so that dams are difficult to build and expensive to maintain.

William J. Silver.

## AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

**A**T about seven o'clock on the morning of October 12, 1901, the day preceding the funeral of the late President Lorenzo Snow, George A. Thomas, the eight-year-old son of Charles J. and Amy Adams Thomas, arose from his bed in the home of Brother and Sister Martin S. Lindsay, at 240 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City. He went into the dining room where Aunt Elvira (Sister Lindsay) was busy preparing breakfast. What followed we will give as near as possible in George's own language, as follows:

«When I went into the dining room, Aunt Elvira told me it was too cold for me to remain out of bed undressed, so she said I could go to the pantry and take a banana and go back to bed until she got time to help me dress. Just as I was about to go into bed in the front room I saw a personage coming slowly down feet first through the ceiling beyond the foot of the bed. Though somewhat frightened I got into bed. Looking at the place I saw the most beautiful personage that I ever beheld in my life looking down at me very pleasantly. It was in the air more than a foot above the bed and about half a foot from the wall. Although afraid to move in the bed, I peeled my banana and ate it, all the time under the gaze of the personage, who I thought had the appearance of a very beautiful young woman. It was dressed in a beautiful robe of pure white, many, many times whiter than Aunt Elvira's table cloth. The robe reached to

the ankles, but as it was spread wide around I could see the legs about up to the knees. On the legs and top of the feet were bandages of white cloth folded crosswise, and on the feet were sandals. The feet were crossed. The personage had long, wavy, pure white hair which reached down to the waist, and over the hair there appeared to be a vail. The hair seemed to be slightly sloped on each side of the head. One hand was open and in the other was a shining, pointed sword with a cross piece at the handle. The personage kept floating to and fro in front of a picture of the Logan Temple which hangs upon the wall; also near another picture, that of President Woodruff. Its beautiful face and white robe shone brightly and beyond the light the whole was encircled by a dark cloud. After I finished eating my banana, I got up out of bed to go and tell Aunt Elvira, for I wanted her to see it too. As I passed out of the room I was so close to it that I could have touched it with my hand. When I crossed out of the door and was on the step leading to Uncle Martin's room I turned around to look at the personage again and just at that moment I saw it go straight up and through the ceiling at the same place where it entered. I went right into the dining room and kneeling by Aunt Elvira I told her all about it.»

[In the above statement the word personage is used, the little boy in his talk always speaks of the appearance as «it.»]



## SUNDAY SCHOOL NOTES.

### BIBLE AND BOOK OF MORMON PICTURE CHARTS.

**W**E have still on hand and for sale Bible Charts numbers four and five, both illustrative of the life of our Savior. Number four relates largely to

the public ministry of Jesus; number five to His miracles. We have also numbers one and two of the Book of Mormon Charts. Number one embraces the life of Nephi, the son of Lehi; number two continues the history of the Nephite people until the days of

Mosiah II. Each of these charts contain twelve pictures. They can be used advantageously in every department, but are highly recommended for the primary classes.

\*  
NICKEL FUND.

We trust that all Sunday School treasurers who have not yet remitted to the stake treasurer the amounts received from their respective schools on Nickel Donation will do so without further delay, and that the stake treasurers will be prompt in forwarding the amounts due, to the general treasurer.

\*  
REORGANIZATION OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY.

At the regular meeting of the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union held at the President's Office, Salt Lake City, Thursday, November 7, the General Superintendency of the Sunday Schools of the Church was reorganized. This action was made necessary by the death of President Lorenzo Snow, who was also General Superintendent of Sunday Schools. At this meeting President Joseph F. Smith was unanimously sustained as General Superintendent, with Elder George Reynolds as First and Elder Joseph M. Tanner as Second Assistant General Superintendents. President Smith was also chosen to succeed President Snow as editor of the JUVENILE

INSTRUCTOR; the same assistant editors remaining as were associated with his predecessor.

The Sunday School of the Hawaiian Colony at Iosepa, in Skull Valley, has hitherto been considered as a mission school, henceforth it will be numbered among the schools of the Tooele Stake and receive the considerate attention of the stake superintendent, Elder William Spry.

Stake secretaries will find it time saving, and otherwise advantageous to arrange the names of their schools in alphabetical order, both in their records and reports.

The following brethren have been chosen members of the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union: President John R. Winder, Elders George M. Cannon and Horace Cummings, of the Granite Stake, and Elder James E. Talmage, of the Salt Lake Stake.

On account of his business affairs keeping him so much from home and thus preventing him from fully fulfilling the duties of his calling, Superintendent James Blake, of the Jordan Stake, has resigned that position. At the quarterly stake conference, held on the 2nd and 3rd insts., his resignation was accepted and Elder Joseph J. Williams, Jun. was unanimously sustained as his successor with Elders Clifford I. Goff and Joseph M. Holt as his assistants.



FOR THE CHILDREN.

This is a song for the children,  
The children with innocent eyes,  
And white hearts that beat  
Glad time to the feet  
That run where the Happy Road lies.

Pray while you're little children,  
While God is ever near;  
Then when you're men and women  
He will be quick to hear.

You are merry and pure now, children,  
Your days are one rosy dawn;  
How free from care  
And sin they are.  
You never will know till they're gone.  
  
God is near to you now, little children,  
So pray. When your eyes grow dim  
With tears when you're men and women,  
You will be near to Him. *Kate Thomas.*

# EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, NOVEMBER 15, 1901.

OFFICERS OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION:

Joseph F. Smith, General Superintendent.  
George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent  
J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD:

Joseph F. Smith	James W. Ure
George Reynolds	John F. Bennett
Joseph M. Tanner	John M. Mills
Thomas C. Griggs	William D. Owen
Joseph W. Summerhays	Seymour B. Young
Levi W. Richards	George D. Pyper
Francis M. Lyman	Henry Peterson
Heber J. Grant	Anton H. Lund
George Teasdale	John R. Winder
Hugh J. Cannon	James E. Talmage
Andrew Kimball	Geo. M. Cannon
John W. Taylor	Horace Cummings
L. John Nutall	
George D. Pyper,	General Secretary
George Reynolds,	Treasurer
Thomas C. Griggs,	Business Manager

JOSEPH F. SMITH, EDITOR JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

GEORGE REYNOLDS, { ASSISTANT EDITORS  
J. M. TANNER, - - -  
GEORGE D. PYPER, - - - BUSINESS MANAGER

## THE LAST DAYS OF PRESIDENT SNOW.

**B**ELIEVING that some few details connected with the last weeks of the mortal life of President Lorenzo Snow would be appreciated by the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, the following is written:

On the morning of Wednesday, October the 9th, the directors of the Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railway Company, of which I was one, met with him in the Beehive House instead of the President's Office, as we had been wont to do, and after the meeting, by his request we administered to him. We then thought, with him, that he was suffering from an ordinary cold on the lungs, and of course looked for his speedy recovery. At five o'clock the same day Sister Snow came into the office bearing the request that some of the brethren come and administer to President Snow, who was just reviving from a sinking spell. Myself, Brother John Henry Smith and others went immediately to his bedside, and it was apparent then that he was seriously and dangerously sick. After administering to him we urged the calling in of a physician and Drs.

Joseph S. Richards and C. F. Wilcox were sent for, who pronounced the President's ailment to be pneumonia, and their opinion was to the effect that unless there was a decided change for the better, hope for recovery could not be consistently entertained. During that night and early the next morning, and again later, about 9:30 o'clock, the President showed signs of sinking, but still he appeared to believe that he would get over it. At twelve minutes past noon, while myself and the Apostles were in council meeting in the temple a messenger was admitted to the room bearing the news that the President was rapidly sinking. We at once adjourned our meeting and repaired in a body to the bedside of our beloved leader, where we found that many of the family had already gathered. Until within a couple of hours of his death the President was quite conscious and self-possessed, but not at all communicative. Besides members of his numerous family we found in the sick room the temple choir who, it appears, had been sent for for the purpose of rendering a couple of favorite selections in keeping with a request said to have been made to Sister M. J. Snow by the President a few days before his death. As some questioned the propriety of the choir singing at that particular time, the President was asked if he wished to hear the choir sing. He unhesitatingly replied in the negative, but invited them to sing at his funeral. After this he called for members of his family at different times and with much difficulty tried to make himself understood, but afterwards his speech became less and less coherent until he failed entirely to do so, and at 3:35 that same afternoon the spirit of him who fully expected to tarry with us until at least certain undertakings should be completed and accomplished, passed from mortal life, and we

were left fairly appalled at the change so suddenly wrought, which may be better imagined than described.

It is with pleasure that we refer to the last public words of our departed President, delivered by him at the general conference on the Sunday afternoon, which have been already published. While it was plain to be seen then that he was feeble, yet it was generally remarked how clear he was in his mind and with what emphasis and freedom his words flowed from him. All feel the deep import of his remarks and accept them as the culminating effort of serious thought and reflection. Indeed it was well known to some that the President's mind was being strongly led out in this direction some time before he delivered himself at conference. For instance, at a council meeting held on the 22nd of August, he said:

He had been thinking of late whether we were justified in keeping at home the Apostles and Seventies the way we were now doing. They were really ministers to the nations of the earth; their duties were clearly marked out by the Lord, and until the Gospel was preached thoroughly to the world he doubted whether the Savior would come, as the preaching of the Gospel to the world is certainly a part of the work that has to be done before He does come. The duties of the High Priests were also clearly marked out, their duties being to labor at home. The Apostles in going out might very appropriately take someone with them other than their associate Apostles or Presidents of Seventies; they might take High Priests, that the latter might become better qualified through association with the Apostles, and the experience thus gained become valuable to them and the Church generally. It is proper that the Apostles visit as far as possible the conferences of the stakes of Zion, but I doubt, he said, that they can be satisfied to devote their time in this direction always. I think that the President of the Apostles should think about this and pray about it, and have his

mind enlarged and brightened in reference to this matter. I feel that the Apostles should have their minds upon this subject, and that they should consider it in their quorum capacity. He referred to the experience of men, as given in the Book of Mormon, who went and labored among their bitterest enemies and accomplished a mighty work. The Lord, he said, was obliged to help them as they were in the line of their duty, and this he did in miraculous ways. The President named Austria and Russia, and said there were other countries where it seemed impossible to introduce the Gospel, but still it had been done partly in Austria, and Elders were making inroads into countries where they heretofore had been forbidden to preach. The President also said there were republics on this continent which never had been visited by an Apostle, and he did not know how far the Lord justified the Apostles and Seventies in waiting for things to become pleasant and agreeable before visiting such countries. He also said he did not know how far the Lord justifies the Apostles and Presiding Seventies in permitting the missionary Elders to do the work, evidently upon their own volition, of opening up new fields of labor in foreign lands. I now present this, he said, for the consideration of the brethren, how far the Apostles are justified in stopping at home. The Priesthood, he said, was established for certain purposes, and there is a certain work that has to be done. The Lord seems to be in a hurry to have it done, and I think it is our duty to reflect seriously upon this, and see how matters stand with us. For instance, here are the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, and it is astonishing, when we come to think about it, that the Apostles should be spending their time so largely among them. One would think that young men, properly instructed in a quorum capacity, ought to be able to carry on this work with such aid as they might get in their different stakes. It seems to me the quorums of the

Priesthood will have to receive attention. The active work that is being done appears to be in the direction of Mutual Improvement, but the quorums are not doing much.

Again at the council meeting held September 28th, as soon as the meeting had commenced, and while nothing had been said to suggest the thoughts to his mind, he made the following remarks:

«I want to say, here are the Apostles and the Seventies, their business is to warn the nations of the earth and prepare the world for the coming of the Savior. They have been engaged in this more or less. Now we find ourselves in a compact, gathered condition, the Church divided into stakes, and we come together from time to time in a council capacity to consider the interests of the cause generally, and make appointments for brethren to visit the stakes when holding their conferences. It looks to me that our minds ought to extend somewhat, and we get out of the beaten track, and a little change be made. For instance, we have started in this direction by sending Brother Grant over to Japan, but this is only a start. Things seem to be going on favorably with him; but whether he will accomplish much or not matters not in one sense; it is for the Apostles to show to the Lord that they are His witnesses to all the nations, and that they are doing the best they can.»

At the Council meeting held October 3rd, Elder Brigham Young, soon after the Presidency entered the room, arose and informed President Snow that the Apostles at the sessions of their conference that morning and previous days had taken into consideration his remarks, and were now united in recommending that a mission be established somewhere in South America. He also said that Russia had received their attention but that nothing definite in regard to that country had been determined upon.

The following day (Friday) while commenting upon the readiness in which the Apostles had considered his remarks, the President

said he very much regretted that it should have become necessary for him to call the attention of the Apostles to their plain duty, that they should have sensed the situation themselves without rendering it necessary for him to point it out to them. Upon this particular occasion he said there was no doubt in his mind that the time was near at hand when the Savior would make His appearance, and he trembled at the thought that the Apostles were spending so much of their time in matters that should be attended to by others, while so little comparatively was being done in their own line of calling.

Feeling his own inability to attend the sessions of the general conference without running the risk of taking more cold, he studiously saved himself, so to speak, for the Sunday afternoon, expressing himself on the Sunday forenoon that he was going to make the effort of his life to speak in the afternoon, as he had something of importance to tell the people. That something has already been presented in the columns of the *Deseret News*, being the last public utterances of our departed President and leader.

By way of comment I may briefly add, that we accept what is contained therein on the duties of the Twelve, and presiding Priesthood, as the word of the Lord to us all. It is so plain and so convincing as to leave no room for doubt; and there remains but one thing for us to do, and that is to zealously and ardently labor to successfully accomplish all that is required at our hands.

As we now contemplate the mighty change that has taken place in so short a time, the feeling uppermost in our minds is expressed in the language of one of old, «How wonderfully hath God wrought!» And while we stand in wonder and almost bewilderment at so sudden and mighty a change, our hearts are filled with praise and gratitude to the Lord that so speedy a transition, as far as it affects us as His servants, is made possible; for we fully realize that it would be

next to impossible for the Church to stand in its present perfectly organized condition so soon after the passing away of its President, did not faith and unity exist to such an extent in our hearts. It is this that fills us with joy and thanksgiving, as it must all our

brethren and sisters; enabling us as it does to look confidently into the future and feel that all things necessary to be accomplished are possible with God.

*Joseph F. Smith.*



### PILGRIMS AND PILGRIMAGES.

**T**HE word *pilgrim*, in the original Latin, meant one who travels across a country, but now means one who takes a journey for some religious purpose.

We call the first settlers of New England the *Pilgrim Fathers*, as they crossed the Atlantic Ocean to find a place where they could practice their religion in peace and worship God in their own way, without persecution from others who did not believe as they did.

In this sense, all the settlers of Utah and the adjacent stakes of Zion, who have come for the sake of their religion, are *pilgrims*.

By many of the religious sects of the eastern continent, and to some extent by some sects in America, it is taught, that if their members will visit certain holy places, blessings will follow them from doing so.

Those who visit these places are called *pilgrims*. They generally speak of their pilgrimage with more or less pride, and are often honored to a marked extent by their associates.

There is a custom among some of the *pilgrims* (especially the Armenians), who visit Jerusalem, to have that fact tattooed on their arms, in Indian ink, and to show it to their acquaintances, to prove they have made a pilgrimage to that city where our Lord was crucified.

Jerusalem and the surrounding districts of

Palestine, are the principal places that are visited by the Christian *pilgrims*, but now-a-days large numbers of Jews visit Jerusalem, and also do some Mohammedan *pilgrims*, as it is a holy place to Christian, Mohammedan and Jew.

The city of Rome at certain seasons of the year is also a great place for *pilgrims*, but the people who go there for that purpose are nearly all Roman Catholic Christians.

Mecca in Arabia is a very great place for *pilgrims*, and the Turks, Arabs, and other nationalities who believe in Mahomet, are taught that it is their duty, at some time in their lives, if they can raise the means, to visit this holy city. Christians are not allowed to go into Mecca, and would be apt to be killed if discovered.

This spring, the route I traveled, and the time of the year brought me along many *pilgrim* routes, and gave me for fellow-travelers, *pilgrims* of different religions of very many sects, and who spoke very many different languages.

To explain to you the route traveled I will ask you to look at your maps, and on the extreme east of the Mediterranean Sea, you will find the port of Alexandretta. This place I reached from the interior of Asiatic Turkey, and on arriving took ship for Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem.

This coast is nearly due north and south,

and has very few bays. As the ship keeps close to land, you can see the mountains, rivers, towns and villages the most of the time, and in the last day's travel you can pick out from on board the ship, many of the places mentioned in the Bible.

Nearly all the passengers on the ship were pilgrims, mostly Turks going to Mecca, although there were some Greeks and Armenian Christians going to Jerusalem; and also a few Jews bound for the same sacred city.

It is quite a sight to see the Turks pray. This they do regularly five times a day, only, as they are pilgrims, their prayers are longer than usual. You see them in lines three or four deep, sometimes lengthwise, at other times crosswise of the ship, as they have always to face Mecca, which they believe to be the centre of the earth. They wash their faces, their hands and arms, and, as most of them do not wear stockings, their feet also; then if they have a carpet made specially to pray on, they unroll it; but if not they take off their overcoats and lay them down. Then they take off their shoes and begin to say their prayers. They first stand up and put their hands to their ears, then bow with their heads at right angles to their hips, then kneel down with their foreheads on the ground. They go through these motions a number of times, one of their number reciting a chapter of their Bible, which is called the Koran, and the rest repeating it quietly to themselves.

We stopped the greater portion of one day at the city of Beirut, the largest city in that part of the country. We found there were quite a number of ships in the harbor laden with pilgrims, who were mostly going to Mecca, though some were going to Jerusalem. On one ship there were eight hundred Circassians from Russia going to Mecca. These men with their straight forms, their blue eyes and their half military appearance, looked a handsome set, in spite of the many discomforts they must have had to put up with on shipboard.

The view looking from the ship towards the mountains of Lebanon or Beirut is beautiful. The mountains are all terraced and you can see villages all the way up to the summit. At different elevations different plants and trees grow; at the seacoast, oranges and lemons; higher up olives and figs, then grapes, then a few apples are grown near the summit. There are also other trees on the Lebanon mountains, among them being numbers of cedars, but not the kind of cedar which Solomon used in building the temple. The Lebanon mountains here are about as high as the east mountains are above Salt Lake Valley and are cultivated to their summits.

As the ship passed we could see Tyre and Sidon now called Saida and Seer, and other places mentioned in the Scriptures. We passed Mount Carmel, where Elijah slew the prophets of Baal. At the city of Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel, there is a colony of Germans. It looks strange to see a German village with straight streets, red-tiled roofs, and gardens that are not fenced in with high walls, in this part of Asia. We have a small branch of the church here.

We pass the ruins of Cæsarea, once one of the greatest cities of Palestine. Here the Apostle Paul was imprisoned for two years.

We leave the ship at Jaffa. Here nearly all the Christians and Jews disembark, as they are mostly going to Jerusalem. The Turks stay on the ship to Port Said, where they take another ship to Mecca.

Here we meet more pilgrims, many of them being Russians who belong to the Greek Catholic Church. Many of these travel all over Palestine on foot, carrying a sack, containing their clothes and some food, on their back. Very often you find fifty to one hundred in a company, with a priest in his long, black gown and his peculiar shaped high hat, leading the way. Generally there are twice as many women as men in these parties. They are a good sized, hardy look-



RAILROAD TO JERUSALEM.

ing people, nearly all the men wear beards, and some of them do not look any too clean. Both men and women wear boots, into which the women tuck their dresses as they take their long and toilsome journeys through this land.

There are also quite a number of monks of different orders, going to Jerusalem; these have black, brown or white dresses, as the case may be, and some of them with ropes round their waists as girdles, are quite noticeable.

Jaffa is the place where Simon the tanner lived, at whose place Peter was staying when he was sent for by Cornelius, the Roman centurion, who was the first Gentile baptized in the days of the apostles. Here too Solomon unloaded the timbers he received in

floats, from Hiram, king of Tyre, for the building of the temple.

Jaffa has increased considerably in population during the last few years; the increase being nearly all Jews, who are gathering to this, for them, promised land. They are planting out orange groves and vineyards around here, on the plain of Sharon. The oranges raised here are very sweet, and have the reputation of being some of the very best grown.

From Jaffa we take the train to Jerusalem, some fifty-four miles away, this being the only railroad in Palestine. The first station we reach is Lydda, the Lod of the Bible, where Peter healed the man who was paralyzed, as mentioned in Acts 9: 32. We cross the plain of Sharon, and then come to some low limestone mountains; they are not steep but are more like our



A STREET IN JERUSALEM.

foot-hills. On the plateau from which these mountains descend, Jerusalem is situated, about two thousand five hundred feet above the sea. The holy city is surrounded by a wide wall thirty-eight feet high, and there are numbers of towers along this wall. It is only two and a half miles around it. As many of us, from reading and singing, are apt to imagine that Jerusalem is an immense city, I will say that the whole of the city comprised within the walls, with its streets and all, is only about as large as twenty blocks of Salt Lake City, and less than some of the larger wards.

Palestine itself is only a little country, say as long as from Ogden to Nephi, and as wide as from Salt Lake to Provo.

Jerusalem, like most of the cities in this part of the world, is a city of dirty, narrow streets, with many blind alleys. The houses are all built of rock; nearly all have flat roofs and they are without chimneys.

Years ago I heard a song, about the reason that the streets of Jerusalem were so clean, was that each one's duty was to clean the streets in front of his own door. If that is the case, it looked as though every one had forgotten his duty for a few months or so before we reached there.

There are however some nice buildings, which have been put up in recent years, on the outside of the city. These are mostly orphanages, monasteries, nunneries, hospitals, hospices for the accomodation of pilgrims, etc.

Jerusalem is kept up by the many pilgrims and visitors, by the monks, nuns and priests who live there, and of late years, by the Jews who come to spend the latter part of their lives and to have their bones buried in the land of their fathers.

Here you can find men from nearly every land; men dressed in nearly every conceivable fashion, and speaking nearly every language you have heard mention of. The language of the people generally, however, is Arabic.

At Jerusalem the principal places are the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Haram esh Sherif. On the Haram esh Sherif is the finest building in this part of the country, the Mohammedan Mosque of Omar. On this place Solomon built his temple, and it is believed by many that the ruins of the temple are below the present buildings. Some portions of the temple of Herod, the temple which existed in Our Savior's day, and where we read of His acts, are still preserved in the walls of other buildings. At one place where the wall is in fairly good preservation, it is the custom of the Jews on Friday evening (the beginning of their Sabbath) to meet and to kiss the stones, and recite in concert long pieces bewailing the fallen greatness of their nation.

On the Haram esh Sherif the Jews state Abraham and Melchisedek offered sacrifice to the Lord.

*Thomas P. Page.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

*By Sarah E. Pearson.*

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 665.)

[From Lieutenant Gallant, to Capt. Eben Guild.]

APACHE RESERVATION,

August 9th.

\* \* \* No, Guild, don't accuse me of

transferring my pet hobby from archaeology to Mormonism, nor of being unduly interested in their girls as well as their theology. My interest in these curious mounds has not decreased one iota, nor do I intend you

to think me a one-idea-man altogether, either.

I made the acquaintance of the Mr. Anchor I mentioned and we have spent several days excavating in the ruins. They are situated on little knolls or gently sloping hillsides. In some instances the walls still stand two or three feet above the surface and a few still bear evidence of having been plastered. Most of the mounds are elliptical. We have found some tools and vessels of stone and a few ornaments, but charred corncobs and turkey bones are more numerous than anything else, and probably as a consequence, less prized. My evenings after these excursions are generally spent with Mr. Anchor at his ranch, and I have made some slight progress in acquaintanceship with his family. I find that the two girls (whom I first saw at the depot, you remember,) are not twins as I had thought them, but the daughters of Mr. Anchor by different wives. When I learned this I confess I felt curious to see a little of the internal workings of this system of marriage which in our world would be infernal workings without a doubt, and I am astonished to see the peace, congeniality, and actual affection displayed among the various members of this dual family.

It may not—very likely is not—always the case even among this people who have considered it as a religious duty, but in this case they seem to be conscientiously living the higher law, which upon a more extended acquaintance, and noting perhaps my surprise and curiosity, Mr. Anchor was at some pains to explain to me. Their children are taught by precept and example the strictest chastity, and that man or woman loses all right and title to «eternal progression» who breaks this law. Their marriages are of a patriarchal order—sacred bonds reaching into eternity. The theory is beautiful if fallen man can only live up to it. I have attended the Mormon meetings some, especially the young people's associations. They are something similar to our Y. M. C. A.—more crude

as to general culture, perhaps, in this outpost of civilization, but with more of some indescribable quality which I will call spiritual interest—faith—fire—for want of a better name.

I tell you, Guild, such a broad, comprehensive, wonderful system of religion as these people have I have never before met with or imagined. It takes up and perfects all the many sides of a man; such a system of finance and ethics which would, if strictly lived up to, beat the world; and make them the wealthiest, as they are the most sober and industrious, people on earth.

I am beginning to understand why it is that these people are so far in advance of frontiersmen in general. Though isolated from centers of culture, hemmed in by snowy mountains, or woody wildernesses, or wastes of sand, yet they have taken their wonderful organization along with them, and the half dozen families temporarily housed in board shanties or log cabins have their day schools, Sunday Schools, improvement and social meetings, to occupy and cheer the mind and lift it above the daily grind of toil. You know what Goldsmith says of «the short and simple annals of the poor.» These would not be «short and simple» by any means, but replete with self-renunciation; of heroic effort; of sublime faith; of truest poesy.

Still, «the net gathers all kinds,» but though of many peoples, countries, and customs, with plenty of old-world notions to get rid of, yet they fuse better than one would imagine they could. Nor must you believe them long-faced and sanctimonious, or that, like the French say of the English, «They take their pleasures sadly.»

On the contrary they are happy, innocent, and unconstrained in their association with one another. In the adjoining town where it was my good fortune to spend their Pioneer Day with them, they picnicked under the trees together like one big family, and their fun was so contagious as to make even an old «sobersides» like me laugh. But I

warn you, you needn't come expecting to be invited into the «inner circle.» They are a little exclusive when it comes to soldiers, and I owed my good fortune that day to stopping a runaway as well as to my previous acquaintance with Mr. Anchor. They enjoy a good story with the best, and indulge in practical jokes sometimes, too. Shall I tell you of two or three?

«Uncle John» Thorn was gardening for «Grandpa» Green one day not long since when Grandpa invited him to come to the sty and see a fine litter of pigs. Uncle John duly admired, and finally remarked that he had a pair of boots at home he would like to trade for a pig. «All right,» replied Grandpa, bring the boots with you when you come in the morning and if they fit me you shall have your pig.»

«Oh, they're number nines,» rejoined John, with a sly twinkle in his eye, «I think they'll be plenty big.»

Duly at half past seven here came John with a pair of boots slung over his shoulder. Grandpa Green received the boots from John without the crack of a smile from either, though they were out at the toe, and out at the heel, and patched on either side, until it would have been difficult to decide what was the original substance, and in return laid a little dead pig in the arms of the discomfited John.

Another story which has created considerable merriment among the townspeople runs as follows:

A certain dignitary of the Church from another settlement some distance off had several times visited Brookfield in company with a young Elder in the capacity of home missionaries. On each occasion they had been the guests of a certain man, and in each and every instance, at family prayers and at meat, the dignitary had been invited to do all the praying.

This course finally roused the ire of the preacher and he determined at the first opportunity to teach his host to do a little

more praying himself. So one evening after they had all returned late and tired from a meeting the host invited the dignitary as usual to lead in family prayer before retiring. The Elder complied, contriving to kneel close to his traveling companion, and while most careful to say nothing in his prayer light-minded or unseemly, he began with a sort of history of the creation, and prayed, and prayed, and prayed, on, and on, until, before he had got to Moses every member of the family had his head bowed low on the chair in front of him fast asleep.

The Elder then touched his companion lightly on the shoulder and they both stole away to bed «amid the united snore of the six hundred,» quoting a certain local poet.

And here's another:

A certain Bishop, who is something of a wag in his quiet way, got a joke on some young men who came in to spend Sunday evening with his daughters, which has caused many a sly laugh at their expense.

The cottage organ in the Bishop's parlor had been brought into frequent requisition as a source of entertainment for the visitors, and various old time musical favorites such as «Juanita,» «Swanee River,» «Sweet Afton,» etc., had been called for and sung. Then some one suggested «Sweet Hour of Prayer;» but the young people were busy talking, and the motion went for some time unheeded. Finally during a lull in the conversation the same young man who had called for the song spoke up, «Well, girls, let's have that little (word of prayer) before we go,» (meaning of course the song.)

The Bishop who had been seated by the center table apparently absorbed in his Bible hereupon arose quietly, laid aside his book and spectacles, motioned the young folks to kneel and gravely conducted family prayers, after which the girls, with sober faces but twinkling eyes, handed the young men their hats and the latter quickly vanished, and one at least hasn't had the courage to return since.

Well, I have rehearsed several jokes on other people, I will now tell you one on myself, so that if you really think I am making love to a certain admirable young lady whom I have several times mentioned to you, you will see how famously my suit is progressing.

Taking a new route for my evenings' ride one day not long since I was just crossing a belt of woods when I accidentally encountered Miss Julia Anchor on horseback and alone some miles from home. I was surprised that she had ventured out in this Indian-infested country without an escort, and presumed upon my slight but pleasant acquaintance with her to reprove the folly of making such excursions alone and was just about to offer her the protection of my escort home when she laughed lightly and replied that wildcats and Indians didn't trouble her a bit—she was «afraid of nothing on earth but soldiers!»

I politely raised my cap in mock acknowledgment of the very pointed compliment and galloped away, but wasn't that a quencher? But whatever may be her uncomplimentary opinion of me, I frankly admire her—to you. She has plenty of native wit, and she has courage; and she has a fair amount of culture—more than you would ever look for in this out-of-the-way corner of the world. Her errand the day I met her alone in the woods, as I afterward learned, was to fulfill an engagement with the Primary Association, which she evidently wishes to teach by example as well as precept the importance of punctually keeping a promise. None of the men happened to be there to go with her so she saddled her own horse and went alone rather than leave a duty unfulfilled. Well, you know the old adage, *Guild*, «Luck favors the brave.» It was Anchor's runaway team I was lucky enough to stop, and Miss Julia has been much more cordial to the soldier since then. In the family too there is less constraint in my presence and consequently I have a better idea of their real family life.

With a set of the kindergarten gifts which

Miss Julia brought from Utah, she amuses and instructs the tots in pinnefors and overalls with an adroitness pleasant to see. She has that born-teacher's tact to hold attention and gain love and obedience. Her combination of filial reverence and the having of her own way with her parents where it is not really wrong; her fervent love and good comradeship, with that quiet half-sister of hers, and the unconscious way she has of wrapping that big Swede round and round her little brown finger is both interesting and ludicrous, and would fill an ordinary woman of the world with envy. Poor Oscar, he has my sincerest sympathy!

Not having been able to attend church one day, Mr. Anchor inquired of those of his family who had been, as to who were the speakers and what was said, and I was more amused with Miss Julia's account of it, than with anything I have heard in local dramatics.

«Well, father,» she said, «you know it was a testimony meeting, so quite a number, women included, testified as to their faith and feelings. Brother Hayes spoke interestingly as usual, because, as usual, he had something to say. Brother Winters gave Brother Winters' experience of the Nauvoo exodus, and as he always gives that, I don't think he has ever had any «experiences» since. Brother Blackus, (only a few years from old England, and who never owned a pig or a chicken till he came to Arizona,) wanted to know «as 'ow a poor man could be expected to pay his donations, and his taxes, and support 'is family, with eggs at tin cints a dozen,» and repeated the query a score of times during his discourse, to the infinite amusement of his audience. After Brother Blackus sat down his young daughter timidly arose and made the startling announcement that «it seems as though as like as if we never got up we'd never get up,» and so she had «got up» accordingly, and was doing her level best, which we all appreciated and never cracked a smile. Brother Humphries then

arose and said he had decided not to move to Hashley (Ashley) because he felt his services could ill be spared from the brass band and the choir, a consideration no doubt duly appreciated by the residents of Brookfield, though I couldn't help but recall a remark I once heard that, 'If we really wished to know how much we would be individually missed from a community we had only to stick our finger in a pail of water and then look for the hole.'

«Brother Thorren confessed he had received a call for a mission, but felt he could not comply as he had a large family of children, all girls, and didn't know how they would be able to get along in his absence. Of course this very unusual proceeding put a damper on the meeting for awhile, not for what we thought the heathen missed, as there are abler men sent out every day, but for what we knew Brother Thorren missed. Then the Bishop got up and spoke excellently, being careful as he always is to choose a subject foreign to Brother T's relinquishment of a duty and privilege lest he seem to do that most cowardly thing in a Bishop, whip a weak and erring brother (or one who displeased him whether he be weak and erring or not,) in public from the stand.

«Brother Walmer then bore his testimony,

and told us what we had heard many times before, but which is, nevertheless, always new and interesting, of his personal acquaintance with the Prophet Joseph Smith. You know Brother Walmer used to be a Methodist exhorter in the olden times when he wasn't so gaunt and cadaverous as he is now, and when he gets thoroughly en rapport with his subject sometimes falls into the old habit of speaking yet so that the effect of his remarks and subsequent exhortations was somewhat spoiled when he opened his mouth very wide to shout a sonorous sentence and his false teeth dropped down almost onto his white beard. An electric thrill passed through the meeting as though the people momentarily expected the poor old skeleton to drop all to pieces right there, but he quickly recovered and replaced his dislodged molars, looked around in a somewhat dazed way as though he himself were startled to find that he was still in the flesh and not «behind the veil with Brother Joseph» as he has so often expressed himself as longing to be, said amen, and sat down. Then the choir (with Brother Humphrey's help) favored us with *Jerusalem, my Glorious Home,* and here we are.»

Yours, etc.,

REX.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

**Q**UESTION: In your answer in a recent number to a question regarding the way in which Joseph the Prophet brought the plates from the Hill Cumorah, you say that he was accompanied by his wife and that they rode to and from the hill in a vehicle belonging to Mr. Joseph Knight. In a little book lately published by President

George Q. Cannon, entitled «The Latter-day Prophet,» the following statement is made: «He placed the treasures under his coat and, full of determination to protect them, he set out for home. On the way wicked men tried to rob him; they struck him with a heavy club; but Joseph was a tall, strong young man and a swift runner and he escaped. They

chased him almost to his father's house without overtaking him, although he was handicapped by the great weight that he carried.» Which account is correct?

Answer: The statement made in our answer is the correct one. The circumstance of Joseph being attacked as stated above occurred a few days, probably four or five, later. It is not certain that Joseph brought the plates directly home on the night that he obtained them. His mother states that he did not say anything to her about the plates the morning of his return from Cumorah, but did show her the Urim and Thummim. It is probable that he cached them on the way home; if not, he must have done so a few hours later, as he went away from home to dig a well for a widow at a village called Macedon the next day or the day after. The place where the plates were hidden while he was at Macedon is thus described:

«The plates were secreted about three miles from home, in the following manner: Finding an old birch log much decayed, excepting the bark, which was in a measure sound, he [Joseph] took his pocket knife and cut the bark with some care, then turned it back, and made a hole of sufficient size to receive the plates, and laying them in the cavity thus formed, he replaced the bark; after which he laid across the log, in several places, some old stuff that happened to lay near, in order to conceal as much as possible, the place in which they were deposited.»

When Joseph had been working at Macedon about two days, his family learned the fact that he had the plates in his possession had leaked out, and that a mob was forming to try to discover them. Word was at once sent to him by his wife Emma. He consulted the Urim and Thummim, which he kept all the time with him, and found that the plates were still safe; but fearing danger he returned home with his wife. After eating a little he started for the place where the

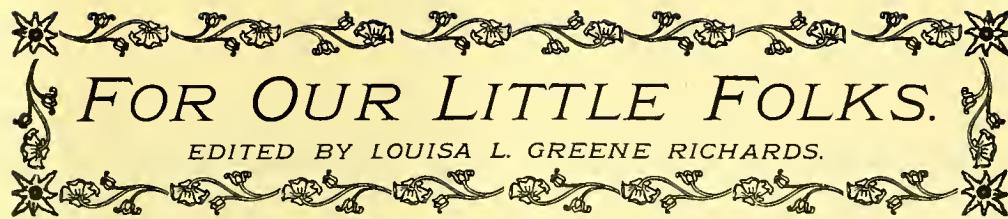
plates were hid. What followed is thus told by Sister Lucy Smith:

«Joseph, on coming to them, took them from their secret place, and, wrapping them in his linen frock, placed them under his arm and started for home. After proceeding a short distance, he thought it would be more safe to leave the road and go through the woods. Traveling some distance after he left the road, he came to a large windfall, and as he was jumping over a log, a man sprang up from behind it, and gave him a heavy blow with a gun. Joseph turned around and knocked him down, then ran at the top of his speed. About a half a mile further he was attacked again in the same manner as before; he knocked this man down in like manner as the former, and ran on again; and before he reached home he was assaulted the third time. In striking the last one he dislocated his thumb, which, however, he did not notice until he came within sight of the house, when he threw himself down in the corner of the fence in order to recover his breath. As soon as he was able, he arose and came to the house. He was still altogether speechless from fright and the fatigue of running.»

Attempts were made by father Joseph Smith, Mr. Knight and others to find the men who had attacked Joseph; but they managed to escape.

Question: Can any person except one of the stake superintendence or the stake aids properly represent the stake at a general Sunday School conference?

Answer: It is well that on such occasions one of the stake Sunday School authorities represent the Sunday Schools, as they are, or should be, better acquainted with the condition and needs of the schools in the stake than any one else, but any brother or sister connected with the schools can represent them when duly appointed.



# FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

## WEDDED.

Willard and Lu.

No sound of «wedding bells» I hear,  
Borne on the soft, autumnal air;  
And yet the day is cloudless fair,  
And filled with happy, holy cheer,  
And benedictions sweet, for you,  
My son and daughter, Will and Lu.

Oh! how much more appropriate,  
A peaceful, quiet scene like this,  
Wherein to seal the nuptial kiss,  
Than doings of the high and great,  
Where curious eyes may boldly stare,  
And careless lips their wit compare.

Sweet, sacred time! when two young souls  
Unite as one their future life;  
Ah, blessed husband, happy wife!  
Where pure and reasoning love controls;  
And that rare jewel, confidence,  
Sheds forth the light of innocence.

May all your joys and hopes increase,  
Your faith grow stronger day by day,  
Illumed by love's celestial ray,  
With heaven's calm, abiding peace;  
And, purifying as they will,  
May e'en life's tears some sweets distil.

Forgiving oft, and oft forgiv'n;  
Though only good you both prefer,  
At times you both are sure to err;  
But right must conquer when you've striv'n.  
It is not weak, but brave and strong,  
To say, «Forgive me! I was wrong.»

Great be your blessings, light your cares;  
The dearest treasures life can bring,  
In plenteous numbers 'round you spring;

Oft will I name you in my prayers;  
A mother's benediction true,  
My precious children, Will and Lu.

How kind and merciful is He,  
Who hath inspired you thus to find  
In your two hearts the good combined  
Which will together best agree,  
His highest mandate to fulfill—  
God bless you always, Lu and Will!

(Marriage ceremony performed by President John R. Winder, in the Salt Lake Temple, at two o'clock p. m., Wednesday, October 2nd, 1901.)

*Louisa L. Greene Richards.*



## TO THE LETTER BOX.

Good Thoughts.

WOODS CROSS, UTAH.

I sometimes think that we as young people of Zion do not appreciate the blessings we receive daily from our Heavenly Father, who is so kind and merciful to us. He has blessed us with comfortable homes and beautiful surroundings in the valleys of these mountains. And most of all, with dear parents and loving brothers and sisters.

Oh, how kind and loving to each other we should be! For kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. Though they do not cost much, yet they may accomplish a great deal. They help to make other people good natured, they produce a great many friends for us, they also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beau-

tiful image it is. A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance may cast a gloom over the household, while a smile of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hours, like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty. Kind words, gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home; no matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly towards it when away, and home will be the dearest spot on earth. All of us should try to be better than we are and strive to make others happy. To do this we should be cheerful and polite, regarding the feelings of others, and having the pure love of God in our hearts, always remembering that we have the making of our lives. We may have good and pure thoughts, which lead to good, or we may indulge in impure thoughts which are apt to bring bad habits. A good character should be sought after by every one. We should be economical, industrious and respectors of the Sabbath; always striving to obtain wisdom and knowledge. Let us cherish the pure love of God in our hearts, and always be lenient with each other's faults, and accept the good we find from whatsoever source it comes, even if we do not like all of some people's ways. And let us remember that the truest kindness and happiness is found in making others happy.

From your sister in the Gospel,

SARAH A. HOGAN.

\*  
\*

The Leaven Left Out.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

The other morning it was my turn to mix

the bread. I was in a great hurry for I would hardly have time to get to school and be early. So I hurried up and mixed away as hard and fast as I could after getting my flour and other things ready. When I had mixed my bread long enough to do, as I thought, I covered it up and left it, thinking it would just be light and ready to put in to bake when I would get home from school. But when I got home, what should I find but my dough as I had left it, not at all light; and of course I looked about, wondering what was the matter with it. Just think! There was my cup of yeast untouched, I had mixed my bread and left it out. Mother told us we could learn a good lesson from that mistake of mine. That we might talk of doing good all our lives, but if we failed to get the spirit of our callings as children of our Heavenly Father, which would cause us to get to work and do some good in the world, our lives would be like the dough with the yeast left out, and would never amount to much. I hope I shall be more careful and not make a mistake like that again; and that we may all have the spirit which we need to help us to rise to the performance of all the duties required of us as children of our Heavenly Father.

MABLE E. BRYTHE.

\*  
\*

You Miss it if you do not go to Sunday School.

WOODS CROSS, UTAH.

I know I am benefitted by attending Sunday School. I am in the second intermediate class, and have three lady teachers whom I love very much, and learn a great deal from. If any of you do not attend Sunday School when you have a chance, I think you miss a great deal. We learn things by attending

Sunday School which we do not learn at home. I am 12 years old. We children are greatly blest, and I thank God for all His goodness to us.

HULDA JOHNSON.



Lives Three Miles from Town.

SPANISH FORK, UTAH.

We live on a farm about three miles from any town. But I like to go to Sunday School and Primary. My teacher's name is Sister Prior and I like her very much. The Religion Class is soon going to begin meetings again.

Your new friend,

LUCY SIMMONS.



Liked the Conference.

MORGAN, UTAH.

We live on a farm. It is warm here in the day time and cool at night. I went to Salt Lake City to conference and had a good time. We have three rooms in our house and papa has made a new cellar. We have three

horses. I have a horse of my own. We have got nearly all our potatoes up. This is all for this time.

GEORGE A. COMPTON. Aged 10.



Blessed in Time of Need.

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH.

We were quarantined in our home with one of the dreadful diseases which has been afflicting many in this part of the country. Every one of our family had it but mama, and the Lord blest her so that she was able to wait on us through our sickness, all alone. My baby sister only three months old had it, but she had it very light, so that she laughed and played every day while she was sick. We were afraid it would go hard with her as she was so young. But we asked the Lord to keep her from being very sick, and He heard our prayers. We were quarantined for six weeks, and were very glad when the good doctor came and took the flag down.

Your little friend,

MAY STRONG. Aged 11.



#### THE WORK IN THE LORD'S VINEYARD.

WORDS BY J. H. WARD.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY J. H. WARD.

The na - tions awake to a great momentous war, And the voic - es of her - aids are  
 Though scoff - ers may laugh and the unbelievers scorn At the work we are do - ing to  
 O, grand is the work in the missionary, fields, The do - blest that men ever  
 Our eyes may be streaming with sad and blinding tears. As fare - wells are spo - ken at

heard: The mee - eage has gone to the peoples near and far To pre -  
 day: Like sow - ers we go In the bright and ear - ly morn, Scott'ring  
 knew: And great is the har - vest that to their effort yelde, Who will  
 home: But He who redeemed us can han - Ish all our fears, And pro -

pare for the work of the Lord. But vaster, higher the  
 truth seeds wherever we may; Though some seeds fall on the  
 la - bor there faithful and true; And favored, hap - py, yes,  
 test them wher - ev - er they roam. The glo - ry is

conflict shall arise, As truth be - coming more strong: The  
 barren, rocky soil, And some by the high - way side; Yet  
 biest the lot of those, Whoo - band or loved one gone,  
 hidden from our eyes. 'Tis well that it should be so: Can They

most wished result e'er seen 'neath the skies: When Right shall win o - ver Wrong.  
 the words we speak in our earnest talk, In some honest hearts will hide.  
 rejoice at eve when daily tolls close; The work of the Lord goes on.  
 who sow or reap shall sure win the prize, And joys of the vic - tor know.

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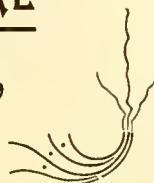
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## SPECIAL NOTE.

As a Missionary Work we will send the Semi-Weekly News to any one in the outside world at points where there is no organized branch of the Church, for half price, or \$1.00 a year.

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## PRIZE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The following named persons have submitted answers to our Rebus contained in No. 21, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The time claimed is indicated by the figures immediately following the name and address.

The sentence was taken from the full page "adv." on the back cover representing the Brigham Young Academy Commercial College. It reads as follows:

"Best positions are seeking B. Y. A. Commercial Graduates. Enter now and be in the race for promotion."

The answers that have been received are in the main correct, but many indicate that the contestants did not study the Rebus but copied the above sentence from the adv. direct. The Rebus does not pluralize the word "promotion," the sentence published being a typographical error.

We cannot at this writing state who are the prize winners, as letters are received up to the 15th of November.

# Prize Puzzle Department Continued.

Rhoda Knowlton, Farmington, Ut. ....	9	Sarah Goodfellow, city. ....	1	Mabel Sundberg, city. ....	1	Lizzie Nibley, Baker City, Ore. ....
Effie Smith, Draper, Ut. ....	15	Mrs. A. S. Low, city. ....	5	Catherine Woodbury, city. ....	5	Jennie Jenson, Span- ish Fork, Ut. ....
Cora Seager, Ogden, Ut	2	Jean Williams, city. ....	6	Lillie Reiser, city. ....	1	Mrs. Z. J. Harper, Hollil- day, Ut. ....
Jennie S. Hill, Miller. ....	6	Zina N. Lambert, city. ....	7	Ma gnerite, Reiser, city. ....	1	Isaac Melvin Dana, Mesa, Ariz. ....
Phylls. Tibbitts, city. ....	9	Loretta Woodbury, city. ....	3	Emma Udall, Eager, Ariz. ....	4	Edwin Le Baron, Mesa, Ariz. ....
Frank Folland, city. ....	1	Alice Brain, city. ....	5			
Estella Langford, city. ....	1	Maggie Wilkinson, city. ....	1			
Janet L. Murdock, city. ....	5	Annie Hall, city. ....	2			

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

In No. 20 JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR we awarded the prize for the Richardson & Adams Rebus to Mr. Walter M. Ross of Pocatello as being the "most reasonable" claimant. Some objections have been raised to this decision by two of our esteemed friends, hence we have decided to also tender the prize to Jos. W. Carpenter of St. George, Utah, who wrote that he had solved the Rebus in 15 seconds.

We understand that Messrs. Richardson & Adams have also sent each lady who furnished a correct answer a silk handkerchief and each gentleman a useful hat brush, so it will be seen it is profitable as well as amusing to study our Prize Puzzle Department.

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